

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. XXVI.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1913

EXPLOSION NEARLY COSTS LIFE

**C. C. Christensen Residing
Near State Line Terribly
Burned in Explosion**

SON HAS NARROW ESCAPE

**Father Used Lighted Lantern to Aid in
Filling Gasoline Tank and the
Explosion Follows**

C. C. Christensen, 42 years of age and a farmer residing three miles north of Waukegan on the Sand road, had a narrow escape from death Monday night just after dark when a gasoline engine used in the operation of a pump exploded. Christensen was terribly burned, the milk house was completely destroyed, and Charles Christensen, a twelve year old son of the injured man had a miraculous escape from injury.

Christensen was burned about the head, face, arms and neck. His hair was burned from his head and the entire upper portion of body is a mass of burns. Dr. P. P. M. Jorgensen, of Kenosha, who is attending him declared this afternoon that he was hopeful that Christensen would recover but he stated that his condition was very grave. Presence of mind saved Christensen from being burned to death in the ruins of the milk house, for just after the explosion he dove into a great tank of water alongside of the ruined engine and the water put out the flames before his clothing had burned off and saved much of his body from being burned. Christensen had reached his home just after nightfall and had started the gasoline engine to pump some water for the milk tanks. After the engine had been started he discovered that there was no gasoline in the tank. He attempted to pour the gasoline into the tank, but could not see and called his son who was playing about the building to bring him a lantern. The boy brought the lighted lantern and handed it to his father. The father lifted the lantern up close to the funnel for the gasoline and a second later the explosion took place. The little boy was standing near a window of the milk house and the force of the explosion threw him through the window and he escaped practically uninjured.

In a second the entire milk house was in flames. Christensen was bending over engine at the time of the explosion and the burning gasoline was thrown all over his clothing. He thought rapidly and saw his only chance for life was in leaping in the big water tank. Later when the flames on his clothing had been extinguished he managed with the aid of the boy to get out of the burning milk house and fell on the ground exhausted and suffering terribly from the burns.

The boy in the meantime had summoned help and farmers came from all directions to help. Wet blankets were thrown on the house and the volunteer fire fighters abandoned the milk house to its fate and gave all their efforts to saving the house. The house caught fire half a dozen times but it was saved. Christensen was carried to a neighboring house and Dr. Jorgensen called to attend him.

The escape of the boy who was blown through the window is regarded as miraculous. The little fellow was busy carrying water to save the house and it was declared that out side of a few bruises he was uninjured.

WHITMAN ASSUMES POSTOFFICE AT GRAY'S LAKE

On Wednesday morning of last week C. J. Whitman became postmaster of Grayslake postoffice succeeding Dr. E. F. Schaffer, who has been postmaster for several years. Under Mr. Schaffer's administration, his son Marquis and Theo Smith were the assistants.

Mr. Whitman is a native of Avon township, having been reared on a farm west of Grayslake. Since he has grown to manhood has worked up for himself one of the best life insurance businesses in the state of Illinois as a district agent.

His many friends are congratulating him on his success of landing the federal job in Grayslake. To outsiders this may seem to be a small salary job because of the small town, but it pays better than \$2,000 per year.

E. S. Adams, the assistant, who is also a native of the county comes from Deerfield township.

VICTIM OF POWDER BLAST

**Laborer Dies in Hospital From Injuries
Caused by Explosion**

After 28 months of suffering, Constantine Tavnia, 27 years old, died Saturday night of injuries he suffered in the Du Pont powder explosion at Pleasant Prairie, Wis. On Friday physicians attending him decided that it would be necessary to amputate his right leg, and he was taken to Chicago to the Rhodes avenue hospital. He died following the operation. Tavnia was a laborer and was at work about the plant when the explosion occurred. His right hip and leg were burned and broken.

Tavnia was found a half block from one of the powder mills the night of the explosion. He was unconscious when found and for many days it was feared that he would die. However, his condition improved until a few weeks ago, when he suffered a relapse. During his sickness the powder company has allowed him wages.

He was the only employee of the powder company who died as a result of the blast. One woman died in Elgin, a man dropped dead in Kenosha and a score or more were injured by flying glass in neighboring cities.

E. S. Thompson, the foreman who was killed in the plant, and Miss Lillie Finch of Elgin, who died of shock at the time, were the other victims. The third lingered for two years and nearly four months and succumbed to the shock following the amputation of his right leg.

The explosion of the mills was felt in five states and caused much damage to windows within a radius of fifty miles. The company estimated its loss at \$500,000. There had been a number of small explosions at the plant previous to the one of March 9, 1911, but nothing of its intensity was before known in the middle west.

SEEK LAKE PORT FOR ELECTRIC AT WAUKEGAN

Reorganization of the Chicago, Waukegan and Fox Lake Traction company took place Tuesday at the stockholders' meeting of the company in the Tacoma Building, Chicago.

The new officers are: J. P. Mason, a life long resident of Elgin, president. Dr. Nelson of Chicago, vice president. Myron W. Whittemore, of Chicago, secretary and general counsel. Mr. Whittemore will have active management of the road.

"Our road between Sycamore and Marengo has been in operation for four years," said Mr. Whittemore, "and the grading from Marengo to Woodstock have been made and the contract let for construction of the line. The money has been guaranteed for the completion of the road."

"We intend ultimately to go through McHenry county to accommodate the summer resort patrons and have a destination at Waukegan."

We plan to get a lake freight business. We are seeking a lake port at Waukegan and are going to construct our line to carry to the freight business of this territory.

Several months ago W. O. Johnson received of the Chicago and Milwaukee railroad, was given permission by Judge Landis to purchase the Fox Lake line at Waukegan for \$56,000. Evidently this plan did not go through.

WILMOT TEAM SURE HAS COLD FEET

The ball game between the Antioch senior team and Wilmot that was scheduled to take place on the Antioch grounds last Sunday failed to materialize, the Wilmot's evidently getting a case of cold feet.

But the juniors did their best to make up for the seniors and their game with Pikeville was transferred from the lots east of the cemetery to the regular grounds. The game was quite an exciting one both sides being about equal strength, and ten innings had to be played to decide the winners.

In the first inning Antioch made 7 and their opponents 3. In the second the local team scored 2 more and Pikeville again made 3. In the third Antioch added 1 more to their credit while the other side made 2. In each of the fourth and fifth Antioch again made 1 and visiting team failed to score in either. In the sixth Antioch made nothing and Pikeville 1. In the seventh neither side scored. In the eighth the home team made 6 to 4 for the others.

In the ninth Antioch failed and Pikeville gained 5 the score was then a tie. In the tenth Antioch 2 and Pikeville 1.

Wilmot's loss was a severe one. The team was composed of 11 players and 1 manager.

WAUKEGAN TAILOR ROBBED

**Lured to Chicago and Robbed
of \$100 by Strangers at
Point of Gun**

HELD UP IN DAY LIGHT

**Says He Was Too Frightened to Call
for Help or Notice When Way the
Robbers Disappeared**

Harry Gordon, a young man employed as a tailor by Gus Beller, a North Genesee street tailor in Waukegan, was lured to Chicago Monday afternoon and robbed of \$100 at the point of a gun by two slick strangers who had taken him there with the avowed intention of showing him where he could purchase a cleaning shop and tailoring establishment at a real bargain. The robbery occurred in broad daylight.

The two strangers entered the Beller tailor shop on Monday morning and spent some little time in talking Gordon about the fine opportunity there was of purchasing the little establishment in Chicago. They pictured it in such a way that the Waukegan man was much impressed and he finally consented to make the trip to Chicago to investigate for himself. At the suggestion of one he went to the bank and drew out \$100 because the stranger pointed out to him that he might wish to make a payment immediately in order to bind the bargain. In case he did not, they said that no harm would have been done.

The party of three left for Chicago about noon and after arriving there spent some little time in walking about. After a time Gordon became slightly suspicious of the actions of the two, as it did not seem to him that they were taking him to the place they had described. Just where he was he did not know, but he figured out that the men were not what they had represented themselves to be.

He started to walk away but this idea did not appeal to them at all, and if they had had other plans for obtaining his money they at once abandoned them and adopted a surer method.

One of the men drew a revolver and stepped close to Gordon, pressing the gun against his breast and ordered him to turn over whatever money and valuables he might have in his possession.

As the men started away after pocketing the money they warned him that if he made an outcry that they would return and shoot him. He still had his railroad ticket and making his way to the station, returned to Waukegan, a wiser but a sadder man. Asked if he could give a description of the two men Gordon replied that they frightened him so badly that he was afraid he could not.

Gordon says he did not even notify the police because he "figured it would do no good."

A RED GASOLINE CAN REQUIRED BY THE NEW LAW

One of the important fire prevention enactments at the recent session of the Illinois legislature was the passage of the red gasoline can law, making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine, for any retail dealer to sell gasoline to any person unless it is placed in a red receptacle, labeled "gasoline" in letters not less than a half-inch high.

In connection with this the Illinois fire marshal's department has issued a bulletin on the dangers of gasoline, stating that 600 fires in Illinois last year were caused directly by its explosion, and that gasoline caused the death of 30 persons each week and serious injury twice that number throughout the country.

The bulletin calls attention to the fact that the chief danger of gasoline is from the vapor which it gives off, which when mixed with air is more dangerous than gunpowder. Gasoline vapor, being heavier than air, falls to the floor and is moved about by drafts. The red can law is intended to restrict the numerous accidents which have resulted from mistaking gasoline for kerosene and using it in ways which are possible with kerosene but very dangerous with gasoline.

MRS. JOHN HUCKER DEAD

**Dies at Her Home Here Tuesday Evening,
Aged Sixty-Four Years**

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. J. M. Hucker who has been a patient sufferer for the past five years, passed to her reward, near the hour of five o'clock. A number of years ago her health began to fail and physicians then told her that her malady was an incurable one, but she had never really given up until about three or four weeks ago when she became so weak that she could no longer walk about. From that time on she never left her bed and it was apparent to all, that her time on earth was very short, it being at that time discovered that a cancer of the liver as well as a case of tuberculosis had developed.

Sarah Westlake was born May 30, 1849, in Somersetshire, England, and came to America with her father and two brothers, in 1856 and settled in Lake county, which has been her home ever since.

October 14, 1869 she was united in marriage to John M. Hucker at the parsonage at Sand Lake, shortly after their marriage they purchased the old Emmons farm south of Itown where they resided until a few years ago when they moved to this village to reside. Four years ago Mr. Hucker passed away, and from that sad blow she never recovered. To them were born two children one son, William who also passed away two years ago thus adding another sorrow to her life, and one daughter Sophia, who with her husband and children remain to mourn her loss. Besides her daughter and family she is survived by two brothers, William and Joseph Westlake one brother-in-law George Brown, one daughter-in-law Mrs. Vida Hucker Mooney and her 6 children and Mrs. Jennie O'Brien whom she raised from childhood. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hucker were faithful Christians having united with the Methodist church many years ago.

The funeral services will be held at the M. E. church at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon with Rev. J. J. of Chicago officiating. The casket will be beside her husband in the hillside cemetery.

ST. PETER'S CATHOLIC CHURCH BAZAAR COMMITTEES

A complete account of the bazaar given for the benefit of St. Peter's Catholic church, cannot be had before next week. However judging from the number of those who are willing to assist on the entertaining program, that department of the bazaar promises to excel even that of last year. The ladies of Lake Marie are giving a large card party preliminary to their booth at the cottage of Mrs. E. J. Gneadinger on Lake Marie Wednesday, August 6, at 2:30.

Their ambition is to present a booth this year which will be specially attractive. Their great endeavor will be to exhibit something that will surpass the "Summer Garden" booth of the ladies of Channel Lake.

The ladies of Antioch will have quite a novel booth too. It will be known as the "New England Kitchen."

The Ladies are largely represented this year. The following is a list of the patronesses: Fox Lake—Madame Mat Benner, Murphy, M. J. O'Brien, W. J. Brinkman, W. Unier, E. C. Howard, Chas. Macleod, T. E. Owens, J. P. Lomax, George Lomax, Frank Lomax, Martin Lomax, Col. John Vidvard, Martin Callaghan, Senator Francis Brady, W. T. Maypole, J. Croke, M. Condon, Wm. Giesler, A. S. Thane, W. C. Herbert, Joe Finn, J. L. Shaw, P. Joyce, B. and C. Niggenmeyer.

Pistake Lake—Thos. Flynn, T. A. Cummings, Sr. T. A. Cummings Jr., A. T. Street.

Waukegan—George McIntire, J. J. Finn.

Loug Lake—J. R. Graham, M. E. Henneberry, the Misses E. & S. Henneberry, Miss C. Walsh.

Round Lake—Robert Swietzer, J. E. Maloney, R. S. Rolley, George Ranehan, J. W. Ranehan.

Cedar Lake—Bert Elwis, J. P. Johnson, C. B. Dicks, John Curly, Thos. Tully.

Graded Lake—P. A. Grady, M. McSand Lake—T. N. Dennally.

Deep Lake—T. D. Sexton.

Loon Lake—E. J. Perkins, C. B. Smith.

Catherine Lake—W. J. Stoll, Miss M. Carroll.

Channel Lake—M. J. Walsh, J. J. O'Heron, Misses M. and J. O'Heron, Judge McGourty, M. J. Corboy, F. M. Corboy, John A. Corboy, Misses Burke, Denan, George Mason, Frank Hogan, M. P. Gleason, J. W. Baker.

Lake Marie—J. P. Bowler, W. J. Henderson, T. W. Heyforth, M. Hayes, John J. Hayes, W. J. Powell, Louis Morris, Judge Burke, George Shepard, Ellen Monahan, W. M. Sheridan, Chas. Vonn, Paul Junkie.

Graded Lake—Paul Wennigman, J. Wennigman, W. H. Willis.

Pistake Lake—J. J. Jennings.

Druce Lake—W. H. Kallcher, Hugh McCauley.

LAKE CO. FARMERS ARE AHEAD

**Organizer Morse is Securing
Many Farmers to Join
Association**

FARM EXPERT CERTAIN

**Farm Improvements Organization Is Pro-
gressing Very Satisfactorily
So Far**

The first week spent by Stanley F. Morse, organizer and farm expert among the farmers of Lake county has been a busy one. Mr. Morse reports that 66 per cent of the farmers seen have joined the association, and are anxious to commence business as soon as possible, and get the adviser onto their farms. This is away ahead of any other county in Illinois in percentage of farmers who are supporting this movement; the proportion in other counties has been from 10 to 25 per cent. No up-to-date farmer can afford to stay out of this organization. It has been predicted by many that those county organizations are too nucleus of a "country-wide farmers' organization that will solve many of the marketing problems with which they are now contending. It should be thoroughly understood that these farm improvement associations have for their objects first, to increased profits to put city conveniences in farm homes; third, by the foregoing to demonstrate to the farm boys and girls that farming can be a profitable and pleasant, and that the old farm beats the city for a happy and independent life.

The viewpoint of many farmers is that the employment of county farm experts will so increase crop yields that low prices will result. There is no question out that if it were possible to appreciably increase our total production of staple crops in a very short time, a reduction in prices would result. But when it is considered that it usually takes three to five years to build up a piece of land, that on an average only 20 per cent of the farmers are joining these organizations, that the farmers whose increased yields would be most likely to cause an over production are not the ones who are interested, that the demand is ahead of the supply, and constantly growing, that new commercial uses are being found for crops, and that our present problem is one of distribution, it will be seen that there is no danger of over producing for many years to come. And by the time that our production has materially increased, its distribution will have been arranged for. However, most of the farmers are not worrying about over production because they know that the average production of corn per acre, for instance, is about 30 bushels. It costs on an average of \$15 to produce an acre of corn; hence with corn at 50 cents per bushel, this means an average profit of \$3.00 per acre. Yet now many farmers must be producing 30 bushels or less per acre to make up this average.

The farm expert sees some things that no one else always like to call the attention of some farmers. He sees many farmers producing first class crops and yet losing money. Why? The measure may be so handled as to lose 50 per cent of its fertility. The implements and machinery may be so treated as to depreciate 20 per cent per year instead of 10 per cent (a normal depreciation). The fields may be arranged or the rotation system planned so that time is lost in attending to the respective fields. The farm buildings may be inadequately equipped and poorly arranged and the corn crib and silo so badly located that twice as much time is taken to feed and care for the live stock as is necessary. Machinery may be in use that does not save as much labor as it ought. Then again, not enough leguminous feeds are being grown and the feed bill is higher than it needs to be, or a well balanced ration is being fed to cows that cannot produce enough milk to pay for their board. These are some of the dollars and cents problems that Lake county farmers and the farm adviser must get together and solve.

OPPOSES PARCEL

**Rail Road Makes an Appeal
Against Parcel Post**

Railway representatives are fighting to prevent Postmaster Burleson from increasing parcel post packages through the mails and reducing rates, to become effective August 1. A delegation representing roads generally throughout the state laid their complaint before the Postmaster and representatives and prepared to protest formally against the change too the interstate commerce commission.

The movement in the senate to forestall the department change by repealing the section of the parcel post law under which the Postmaster General claims the right to regulate rates and sizes further crystallized when Senator Bryan of Florida introduced joint resolution to repeal the legislation in question.

Another development was postponed until later in the week of the explanation demanded by the Senate postoffice committee of Postmaster Burleson's authority to inaugurate the change.

In protesting against the changes the railway representatives said that at present the roads received 60 percent of the pay collected by express companies for the carrying of packages and complained that they would lose from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 a year on business they would lose from the express companies through the reduced rates and increased maximum limit on the size of the packages.

It was also pointed out that the roads would receive no compensation from the government for carrying the very business for which the express companies had paid them millions. It was urged that in the enactment of the parcel post law Congress allowed the railroads 5 per cent additional pay for the increased business placed upon them, and that if the proposed changes were to be made the roads would be entitled to a further increase in compensation. The delegation suggested that the matter would be carried to the courts if necessary.

JULY WEATHER REPORT

**Furnished By J. C. James, the Local
Weather Man**

July 1913—Warmest day 98 on the 30. Coldest day 42 on the 11. Average temperature 71.29. Rainfall 3.45 inches.

July 1912—Warmest day 95 on the 19th. Coldest day 46 above on the 19th. Average temperature 71.90. Rainfall 8.70 inches.

July 1911—Warmest day 105 on the 5th. Coldest day 46 above on the 26th. Average temperature 74.04. Rainfall 1.23 inches.

July 1910—Warmest day 99 on the 1st. Coldest day 47 above on the 19th. Average temperature 75.23. Total rainfall 83.100 inches.

July 1909—Warmest day 99 on the 23rd. Coldest day 45 on the 5th. Average temperature 68.86. Total rainfall 1.15 inches.

July 1908—Warmest day 93 on the 11th. Coldest day 49 above on the 14th. Average temperature 72.25. Rainfall 4.29 inches.

July 1907—Warmest day 90 on the 24th. Coldest day 51 above on the 27th. Average temperature 72.12. Total rainfall 2.02 inches.

July 1906—Warmest day 96 on the 22nd. Coldest day 47 above on the 7th. Average temperature 71.12. Total rainfall 1.65 inches.

July 1905—Warmest day 94 on the 18th. Coldest day 48 above on the 23rd. Average temperature 68.51. Total rain 6.80 inches.

July 1904—Warmest day 95 on the 16th. Coldest day 42 above on the 2nd. Average temperature 71.62. Rainfall 4.41 inches.

July 1903—Warmest 95 day on the 8th. Coldest day 50 above on 31st. Average temperature 71.62. Rainfall 6.60 inches.

July 1902—Warmest day 93 on the 28th. Coldest day 41 above on the 16th. Average temperature 72.58. Total rainfall 5.90 inches.

July 1901—Warmest day 104 on the 10th. Coldest day 44 above on the 8th. Average temperature 77.3. Total rainfall 2.85 inches.

Waters Cooled Vegetables
A patent was recently granted for a scheme for preserving vegetables in a receptacle, through which cool water is constantly passing.

There's a Middle Ground
We blame equally him who is too proud to play a proper game on his own merits, and him who plays too highly his game of "worth"—both.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

He Twists Letters Like Mexican Juggling Lariat



WASHINGTON.—Frank B. Willis, the rising young statesman from Wool Town, Ohio, who pulled down the spelling laurels in the recent Press Clubs' night entertainment, had better study up that bluebacked speller, because there's another chap in town who can twist the letters round his tongue like a Mexican grouser juggling a lariat. This same fellow is Wrisley Brown, special assistant attorney general of the department of justice.

Some time ago a correspondent who purported to be a college professor wrote a letter to President Taft complaining that the recurrence of crime waves was due to malign thought impulses hurled about by detectives of the department of justice. Then the detectives would issue forth and arrest these law breakers, according to the writer, in this way working up a reputation for efficiency. The writer also said he had appeared before the senate "third degree" committee, and that his views were greeted with loud

guffaws. In conclusion he said: "They laughed, Mr. President," he wrote, "at the profundity of their own ineptitude."

The letter was referred to the department of justice, and Wrisley Brown was asked to prepare an indorsement for it. There was a scream of laughter when Brown turned in a burlesque opinion, couched in words which outranked the professors' ten to one. They say President Taft chuckled all day over it. And as for big words—just watch:

"After careful reflection," wrote Wrisley Brown, "I concur in the physical theorems herein deduced by the complainant. His conclusions regarding the auto-suggestion of crime are fully borne out by the history of human experience. Its insidious effect upon the mind has a pronounced tendency to bring on aboulomania or credulism of the will power, combined with a choreic condition of the faculties."

"In some cases, it has even been known to induce kntatonia or some more serious dissociation of the mental elements of a luetic character and further developments such as, for instance, confusional oncephalomalacia."

"The application of the third degree annihilates the inhibitory powers of the average victim and plunges him into a state of volitional hypnosis, thereby breaking down the fundamental doctrine of free agency."

How John Burroughs Found a Place to Sleep In

JOHN BURROUGHS, accompanied by two well known naturalists, Ernest Thompson-Seton and Glenn Buck of Chicago, was a recent visitor to the capitol.

At the capitol Mr. Burroughs gazed with thoughtful eyes directed toward the imposing, glistening white, marble senate office building.

"Beautiful building, isn't it?" he was asked.

"Hugli! Yes," was the slow response.

"But," he added, "I would a whole sight rather gaze at a scene I remember so distinctly. I had visited a small hamlet in a state that was 'dry'."

"I looked about, but could find no place to sleep. It took only a few minutes to traverse the settlement. There was only one place where a light could be seen. The nature of the business being transacted there was apparent to all who cared to understand. It was a so-called 'blind tiger'."

"Seeking rest there was out of the question, but I was tempted to enter and ask for information. As I was hesitating, a faint light in a building



opposite showed, and in a few minutes the form of a man, partly dressed, appeared in the doorway and began an unsteady course for the blind tiger. "I did not stop him, but as he entered the place of liquor dispensing, I entered the place he vacated, blew out the light and cast myself into his bed, which was warm."

"It seemed hours later when I was awakened by a reeling Swede."

"Ah bane thanking you're my bade," he began.

"Man, I replied. 'You've been to the blind tiger.'"

"That was enough. The man was too dazed to think. He turned about, by degrees, and walked out of the place. I don't know where he went, but probably back to the blind tiger."

Calamitous Cessation for Bobby's Little Lamb



IT is an admitted fact that Mary had a little lamb, but it may be news to the general public that Bobby Blank, who lives out Georgetown way, had another. Leastwise, he had, until the other day, when his ownership came to what one might briefly call a calamitous cessation.

Bobby had been week-ending with a little cousin who lives out in the country two hours by wagon, on a hill, off the pike. Little cousin owned a pot lamb, and when the wagon was waiting for Bobby he, somehow, managed to sneak pot off and got away with the goods.

The wise men who make the world go round for us assert that character changes with environment, and it must be so, for, by the time the wagon

had wheeled up to the home curb the small white thing that had been as docile as those other dear lambskins that skip on the forever-green grass in the way-back spelling book, took on a kiddish butting velocity.

Bobby's mamma was waiting to welcome little son as he hopped out of the wagon, dragging the lamb at the end of a string. The first thing the two knew the lamb had butted in and sprawled them, mother and man-child, on the pavement.

A crowd developed with a suddenness that suggested it must have swarmed up from the crevices in the bricks.

The little lamb got busy and butted around at the human fringe with skillful impartiality, until a particularly big man gave it what was intended to be a down-and-out kick. But it wasn't. Not for the little lamb. As for the man—but maybe he wouldn't like it mentioned; some people are so delicately sensitive—and, anyhow, maybe he would have done better if the little lamb had given him a second try, but it wasn't that sort of a little lamb. It preferred to streak off like white lightning—and maybe it is streaking yet.

Some Mighty Beautiful Things in the Constitution

SENATOR TOM MARTIN of Virginia is radically different from most statesmen from the sunny south. He is not an orator. On the contrary, he is usually so silent that he makes the Sphinx seem like the star book agent for an installment publishing house. As some of his constituents like to say: "Tom takes his'n out in 'thinkin' and actin'."

But while Martin says little, he listens much. And when he does finally break into speech his words are to the point.

Some time ago there came up, in the senate, a bill on which there was a bitter fight. Straightway several of those senators who have come to be known as "constitutional sharks" leaped to their feet one after another, in high sounding and resounding protest.

"Shall we unworthy as we are, dare to violate either the letter or the spirit of our beloved constitution?" they demanded. "Never—never—not one iota—NEVER!"

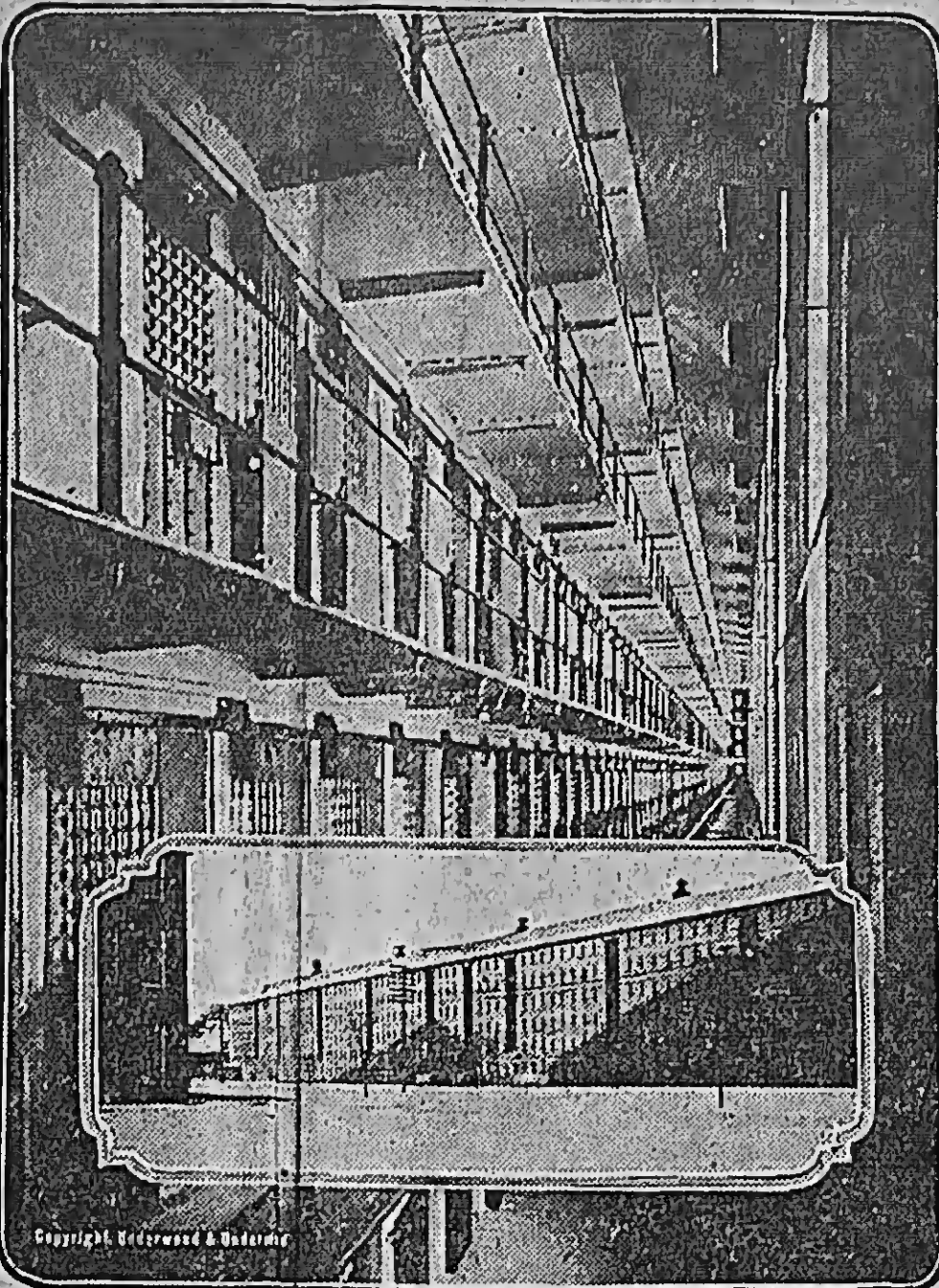
Martin listened calmly until all had done. Then he rose slowly and draped himself gracefully over one edge of his desk.



"Mistah President," said he in his soft drawl, "I yield to no man, sub, in my respect for the Constitution and its framers. They did well. They did nobly, sub—foh their time. But, Mistah President, those gentlemen have been dead mo' than one hundred years, sub, and times, sub, have changed. We've got to remember that, sub."

"An' remembering that, Mistah President, what I started to say was this: There are some mighty beautiful things in our Constitution. It's a beautiful work, sub. But, Mistah President, of all the beautiful things in all that beautiful work, to my mind the mos' beautiful of all, are those glorious words, sub, givin' us the right to amend."

GRAY PALACE OF ATONEMENT



INTERIOR OF SING SING AND INTERIOR, SHOWING CELLS

YOU can see it from the river, or you can see it from the road; either way it looks very much the same. If you brought to look at it an Eskimo from the northern seas or a native of the Tonga Islands asked him what he thought it was he would say:

"A prison!" Every stone in the long, low, dark building spells prison. Every narrow slit of a window, every grill of iron bars, every foot of thick wall, every glint of a sentry's gun—they all spell prison.

Sing Sing is its name, and when it passes and is succeeded by a new prison the new one's name will be Sing Sing, too. So long as New York endures and men are wicked, there will be somewhere, a Sing Sing.

Some buildings grow old gracefully. But Sing Sing, at the end of a hundred years, grows meaner in every stone and at every angle. It is grim, repelling, suggesting all the horrors of its mediaeval prototypes—if, indeed, it is not actually mediaeval itself.

Has Special Function.

Yet, to the city of New York, which has most to do with it, Sing Sing is not only a prison. It is the cold gray palace of atonement. It has a special function for the metropolis. It slays the city's players.

New York furnishes the stage setting for any crime. It provides the principal and his victim. Its labyrinthine streets serve as a place for the criminal in his flight. Its police make the pursuit and, usually, the capture. Its lawyers make the pleas, for and against. Its juries find the verdict. Its judges pass the sentence. But when the sentence is death, the city turns to the old gray dungeon in Westchester county and says: "Take him; he is yours—to kill."

And so the last the man sees of the city is at the moment when he steps from the carriage to take the train. His lawyers have told him they will appeal his case. He knows that he will not die the next day, nor the next week, nor the next month. He still has money and the lawyers are sanguine. Surely they will win for him.

On the train he sits, with his lawyer, in the smoking car, and the two guards sit behind them, very placid and pleasant, but with very serious revolvers in their pockets.

They get out at Ossining station. It used to be Sing Sing station, but the people of the village got it changed because they did not like to say, when visiting in other towns, that they came from Sing Sing. People laughed, and Ossining is a serious town.

At the Ossining station, whenever a train arrives, there is always a line of old-fashioned, two-seated carriages. The town is a hilly one, and it is a steep walk either to the business section or the prison.

Brooks No Delay.

Then he sees the cold gray palace of atonement that sits square and flat, its western edge touching the Hudson river. A door is open and the carriage stops in front of it. The prisoner goes in.

Sing Sing begins to grind its machinery.

It brooks no delays and stands on no formalities. The guards from the city surround their man to the guards of the prison. He is led into the office at the left. A clerk takes his name, age, place of birth, occupation and what else is needed for

the record. Opposite this record is put down his number. His pockets are emptied and a careful inventory made of everything in them. If he leaves Sing Sing his watch and keys and money will be given back to him—or to his heirs and assigns. No more does the property of the felon revert to the state.

He is shaved by the prison barber, and if his hair is too long to be considered sanitary, from a prison point of view, it is cut, but not shaved. He is photographed from both sides and in front and his measurements are taken for the Berillon system.

Stripes went out of use at Sing Sing years ago. The prison garment is of dark gray. If the cloth were fashionably cut any man could wear a suit of it. The prisoner dons a suit of this, shakes hands with his lawyer, who has been fidgeting about, and is led away.

One rainy afternoon, as he lies on his cot, a keeper with no stomach for his errand comes to the door of his cell. He has his little speech ready and fires it quickly.

"Sorry," he says, "but the court of appeals sustains the finding of the lower court."

When his last morning comes he is ready, and the clergyman is at his side, talking so earnestly that he does not notice it when the keeper silts his trouser leg from bottom to knee. He pays little attention as the prison barber quickly cuts the hair from the crown of his head. He is ready when the cell door swings open, and he follows the priest and his flaring candle.

From the curtained cells come the last goodbyes of the rest of the condemned company, some of them to follow him that very morning. He walks bravely through the black door.

And now he is, at of the gray walls and in a little brick house of one room. It is about twenty-five feet square. Its woodwork is oak, brightly varnished. Even the back of the black door is yellow. The walls and ceiling are a bright blue as the bluest sky of spring.

No furniture is in this room except the chair, the chair of atonement, made of yellow oak and leather straps. He sees it and knows its purpose, but the priest is still talking and he listens. The talk is carrying him far away from the room of blue and oak. It is little to him, now that they are fastening the wet electrodes to his head and to his leg where the trousers were slit. It is even less that the pipelike fixture above him is lowered so that its wires fasten to the electrode.

From the lethal stores of energy's most mysterious realm, liberated by a hand unseen, 1,800 volts of lightning leap down the pipelike fixture. Sing Sing has done what the law bade it do.

Great Poet Not Methodical.

Temnyson, like Mrs. Browning, was careless regarding his manuscripts. Some weeks after leaving his lodging in Mornington place, Hampstead, he wrote from Bonchurch, telling Coventry Patmore that he could not find his "book of elegies—a long, butcher-ledger-like book," and asked him to make inquiries. Patmore went to Mornington place and, being allowed to search the poet's old rooms, found the book in a closet where Temnyson had kept his tea and bread and butter. It was the unpublished manuscript of "In Memoriam."

SPLendor OF ALPS

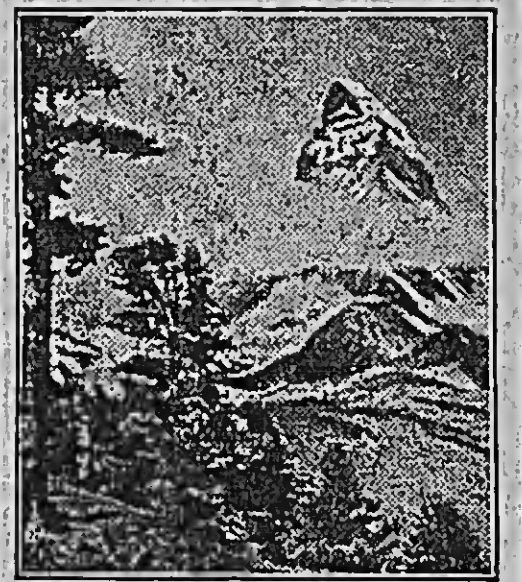
Gorgeous Coloring of Peaks at Sunrise and Sunset.

Phenomenon is Most Complex, Varying Greatly With the Weather, and at Times Exhibiting Features That Appear Mysterious.

London.—Everybody who has sojourned among the Alps, or other snowcapped mountains, must have admired the gorgeous coloring of the peaks at sunrise and sunset. Watching the splendid spectacle from day to day, that it is a complex phenomenon, varying greatly with the weather, and sometimes exhibiting certain peculiarities that to the uninitiated are decidedly mysterious.

In fine weather the following sequence of events may be noted: When the sun has sunk nearly to the observer's horizon, the peaks to the eastward begin to have a reddish or golden hue. This fades gradually, but in a few minutes, when the sun is a little below the observer's horizon, but the peaks are still bathed in direct sunlight, an intense red glow begins down the slopes and moves upward to the summits. This is identical with the rosy "twilight arch" that in clear weather rises from the eastern horizon as the sun sinks below the western; and it is bordered below by the blue shadow of the earth. Now, for a few minutes, the peaks are in the earth shadow; their rocks and snows assume a livid appearance, aptly described by the inhabitants of the vale of Chamounix, whence the phenomena in question are well seen on the summits of Mont Blanc, as the "tinto cadavereuse."

Presently occurs the remarkable phenomenon known as "recoloration," or "afterglow." In Chamounix it is called "the resurrection of Mont Blanc." The peaks, from which all color had faded, again assume a rosy tint; but this time gradually, and without any sharp line of demarcation between the glow and the shadow beneath. The recoloration is, by no means a daily occurrence—in fact, it is rather uncommon—and it varies greatly in appearance and duration. Sometimes it lasts until an hour after sunset, and it passes away from below upward. Very rarely a faint glow



"Resurrection of Mont Blanc"

and recoloration may be seen. All these phenomena may be seen, in reverse order, at sunrise, though they are less common then than at sunset.

The recoloration of the Alps has been variously explained, but there seems to be little doubt that it is due, at least principally, to the reflection from the peaks of the rosy glow which forms in the western sky after sunset, known as the "purple light," and which is sometimes intense enough to constitute a secondary luminous source. The diffuse appearance of the recoloration, as compared with the well defined zone of rosy light that rests upon the peaks while the latter are still in direct sunlight is explained by the broad expanse of the "purple light" as compared with the small disk of the sun. Sometimes the sky itself (i. e., the fine dust in the upper atmosphere) reflects the "purple light," giving rise to a "second purple light" for an observer situated at a suitable angle of vision. This in turn may be reflected by the mountains giving the rare phenomenon of a second recoloration.

MEN GET IMITATION MONEY

Passaic, N. J., Grocermen Carry Sogus Roll in Expectation of Highwaymen.

Passaic, N. J.—Learning from experience when they were held up and robbed of \$150 in genuine money, a year ago, Benjamin Goldberg and Julius Verban, partners in a produce business here, have ever since carried a goodly quantity of bogus money around, ready to fool the next highwaymen they encountered. Their chance came when two masked men held up their wagon at the point of revolvers and forced the men to empty their pockets of \$10,000—in bogus bills. The robbers fled, with the grocerman gleeful because their real money—\$110—was safe beneath the wagon seat.

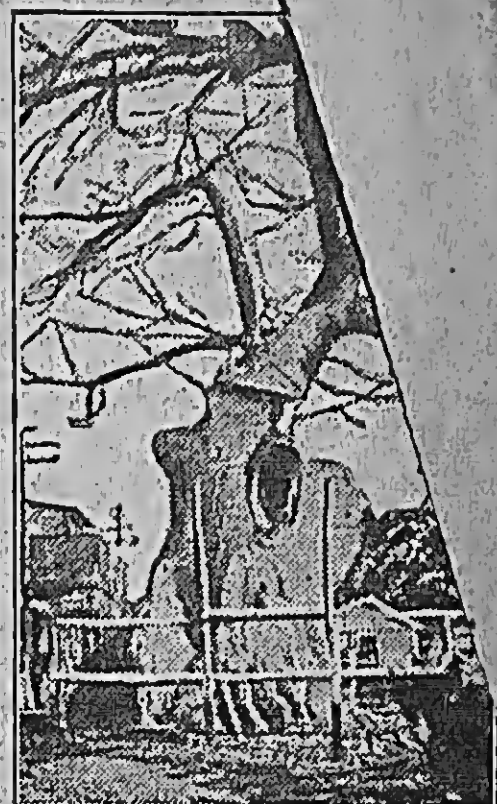
Baby Pig Society Woman's Pet.

Denver, Colo.—A baby pig is the latest society pet. Mrs. Whitney Newton, prominent in society here, is the owner of a baby pig, of which she is very proud. Its skin is washed, combed and perfumed every day and it sleeps in a downy bed every night near its mistress.

PRIZED RE

Anolent Celha Him on of

Santo Domingo bank at Santo of the Dominica ruined city wall Celba tree to w lumbus tied in sinking caravel refuge in the r age of discovery more than a ce discoverer lnded its bark a londen placed there by the country for t On the heights abov



It Sheltered Columbus.

(Old Celba tree in Santo Domingo to which the first voyager to the new world, the tree is over 60 years old and is carefully guarded by the government of Santo Domingo.)

ruin of the Casa de Colon, the first building of European construction in the western hemisphere. The giant Celba is regarded with veneration by the natives and is protected under a special act of the Dominican congress. It was known to the Indians as the "council tree" and in its shade the Spanish conquerors signed the numerous treaties with the then powerful tribes of the interior, which were always violated at the first opportunity by the Spaniards. Of these aboriginal inhabitants little is known, as they were practically exterminated during the 300 or more years of Spanish domination. Within the great buttressed trunk of the Celba, hollow now with age, there is room for half a dozen persons to stand erect. Each year the tree is carefully inspected for signs of disease or decay and the trunk whitewashed to protect the bark from insect pests.

LONG CHASE AFTER BAD MAN

Bold Horse Thief and Highwayman Will Not Trouble Idaho Any More.

Gooding, Idaho.—The horse thief and stickup man that has been making free with the peace of three counties was apprehended at Calena, a ranger station about thirty-five miles north of Ketchum.

The fellow, who was given a different name every time he was arrested, stole a horse and saddle from a at Bliss, rode from there to prairie and held up a saloon. returned to Bliss via the corral in the mountains, raised Cain generally.

Constable Pinkham of Bliss, who answered the call of the man wanted, arrested him at the hotel at Gooding, the prisoner walked pursued took a shot in his rifle, of which he neglected to relieve.

Pinkham abandoned nothing was done till up the trail. He means of an oddity and followed him then north over the tains and up Willo est rangers were the man and horse ed up at Calena be all night.

It was his inten second ranger app but when he after vitation was rap a revolver. The an hour later.

BATHERS GE

Object They H Was Hums

Atlantic City days bathers their curiosity ject bubbling bulkhead at u are take Schwaghamme the body of among the w with its grev hind, shot beach, and a into the w taking exst be that of a well dressed prosperity, linc to found in h been romo ing the n had comm

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

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One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00
Advertising Rates Will be Furnished Upon
ApplicationTelephone, Antioch 381
THURSDAY, JULY, 30 1913

SCIENCE AND THE KORAN

Moslems of Kuwait Divide Into Hostile Camps Regarding Rotundity of Earth.

The globe is directly contrary to the Mohammedan religion. It teaches that the earth is round, but their traditions will not let them outgrow the Ptolemaic system that proclaims the earth to be flat. The Moslems in Kuwait have not now much trouble in accepting both. But this graphic geographic evidence will hasten their advance to the modified Islamism of India and present the better soil of a more open mind, for which the Arabian mission has labored for more than twenty years.

Already the town is divided into two distinct camps in a controversy about the earth's rotundity. The advanced party, which reads the newspapers from Egypt and encourages education, has aroused hostility and enmity by introducing the study of geography into a large Koranic school recently established.

Just the other day the teacher told the boys the world was round like an orange and rotunda, and the following day he was compelled to tell them that they need not learn that lesson. But the shop is having an increased call for geographies, and when they realize that the Koran is wrong about this world they will be more ready to believe it is wrong also about the next. The contributors to missions for Moslems are having increased encouragement for their faith and support, for last year even Kuwait was able to add to the number of converts from Islam.

ARE FAMOUS AS LINGUISTS

Germans Are Noted for Their Thorough Mastery of Languages—Take Up Study Early.

The Germans are famous for their thorough mastery of languages. The university graduates are expected to converse in Latin and to read Greek authors at sight. Even the pupils whose education has been confined to the public schools can generally use French without difficulty. The secret of this mastery, which is so unusual in this country, is the thoroughness of the study required.

An American delegate to an educational conference abroad last summer found a class of girls nine years old busy with two French verbs, and using them in all varieties of form. In translating from German into French. In a class ten years old they were using all the regular verbs and the common parts of speech in the same way, analyzing, constructing and giving the rules in French.

At eleven years they were using the irregular verbs, memorizing French poems, writing compositions in French, and all the conversation of the classroom was in French. From this they pass to the higher French literature, thinking and talking wholly in French. A similar course is pursued in English.

A Lack of Obstacles.

A Scotman who has worked for many years on the railroads among the highlands of Scotland came to the United States in his later years and settled on a section of homestead land on the plains of the far west.

Soon after his arrival there was a project for a railway through the district. The Scotman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters.

"Hoot, mon," he said to the spokesman of the delegation, "ye cannot build a railway across this country."

"Why not?" Mr. Ferguson?

"Why not?" repeated Ferguson with an air of effectually settling the whole matter. "Why not? Dinna ye see the country as flat as a floor, and ye have place whatever to run your rails through?"—Youth's Companion.

Weather Phone System.

The exchange three miles long and to be the highest in the meteorological observations of Mt. Rosa, in the Alps, 15,450 feet above sea level.

The station is taken up by dry air, and the last section, which is the most important, is on the top of the mountain.

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IT HAD TO HAPPEN

By H. C. TILLMAN.

"Oh! I wish we never had thought of having that old picture taken."

Maud Clark was in real distress as she said this and threw herself down on the comfortable old sofa and finished the cry which she had begun when she had sent Jack the note. She was very miserable and very proud.

"The mean, hateful thing. Just as though he could make me do anything."

There was no doubt that she was very mad—or pretended to be. She arose and walked over to her window. The lights and the ever-passing crowd would at least attract her mind from the hateful picture and the more hateful things that it had brought.

"There are plenty of men," she mused in a half-conscious way, as she turned and walked back to the sofa. Just then her eye chanced to fall on the picture of Jack that had hung in the place of extreme prominence over her mantle for over two years. He was so good looking and had such an elegant expression that anyone would have liked him. She was sure of that. Their love had been a rather peculiar one. He was very poor and she was very rich and pride had them waiting for him to make a little money before they married. Her parents had never objected in the least and in fact they were in favor of the match. Until three days ago they had been getting along so smoothly, and just as they had about determined not to wait any longer the crash came, and all about a little picture. How she hated that picture. After satisfying herself that she had done the right thing, she bundled up all of his notes and the picture over the mantle and addressed them to Jack Croyleston—being careful in the little note she enclosed to be as sarcastic as she could. Then she began crying again.

Jack Croyleston was sitting in his office when the messenger boy handed him a note. He sat for a moment when he read it and then began pacing the floor. George Coles found him still pacing up and down, half an hour later.

"Hello, what's the trouble, Jack? Clients not coming fast enough to suit you?"

"No—worse than that. Read that," as he shoved the note across the table to George.

"Well, of all the fools. Don't you know you can't boss a woman. At least not until you marry her."

"Yes, I know it now."

Wiley was very busy the next morning when there was a knock on the door and Maud Clark walked in.

"Mr. Wiley," she began, and Wiley might have expected a proposal from the bluish which accompanied it. "Have you the negative you took of Mr. Croyleston and me the other day?"

"Yes, Miss Clark, I think it is here."

"Could I get it, please. I want to break it."

"I'll have it for you in a minute," said the kind photographer.

A moment later there was another rap at the door and Jack Croyleston walked in.

"I beg pardon," he stammered.

"Certainly," was the cool reply.

Wiley was gone longer than Maud had expected. She was having a hard time trying to keep her eyes off of Jack. He was seated in the far end of the room and was pretending to be very deeply interested in his morning paper.

"Oh, I wish he would hurry up with it," Maud was finally forced to say.

"With what?" was Jack's response.

"The—er—nothing—the—nothing. I mean the negative."

"Is that what you came for, too?" Jack asked in a cool tone.

"Yes—yes—I believe it was."

"So did I," Jack said as he looked her full in the eyes.

"What were you going to do with it?" she asked, letting her eyes drop.

"Break it—what else?"

"Oh, how could you, Jack—Mr. Croyleston."

"How could I what?"

"Why—break it." And Jack could stand it no longer.

"Maud, let's not break it at all. I'm sorry."

"No, Jack, I was foolish. And Jack had crossed the room and she was in his arms. They heard Wiley coming and both were very much interested in some new photos when he entered.

"I am sorry I kept you waiting, Miss Clark. I had a hard time finding it, but here it is. You can break it if you want to, but I think it very pretty."

"Never mind the wait," Maud started, but Jack interrupted her.

"You can fix me up two dozen—and you a proof."

They looked a bit puzzled and then they looked at each other.

Jack said to show this to your parents. He said to Maud as they closed the door.

"Wiley is a clever man. Why, we will send that to George and the others after we are married."

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USES PECULIAR TOOLS

PHILADELPHIA DENTIST ALSO HAS UNIQUE PRACTICE.

Called Upon to Alleviate Pangs of Toothache Among Denizens of the "Zoo." He is Not Envyed by the Profession.

"Tom Manley, dentist, Office, Philadelphia Zoo. Teeth extracted from elephants, giraffes and boa constrictors; rhinoceros horns removed; wild hog tusks filed."

This card is inserted without charge, says the North American. In the first place, Manley holds no degree of doctor of dental surgery, so the zoo is violating no professional ethics in disclosing his methods. In the second place, he will probably get no trade boost from his advertisement. One peep into his office and laboratory, where forceps are two feet long and as wicked looking as a gullotine, would be sufficient to frighten away the biggest bravest iron-jawed patient in Christendom.

No shiny looking knives and drills in Manley's kit. When he tackles an aching tooth he arms himself with a saw, a chisel, a hammer and plenty of rope. You have to see the two-foot forceps to understand the meaning of the rope. You have to see Manley, who isn't really a dentist, but head keeper at the zoo, at work on a three-pound tooth to understand the meaning of everything.

The other day the zoo's big boa constrictor got the toothache. Manley decided the tooth would have to come out. One of his assistants threw a hood over the snake's head, and ten men pounced on the reptile's body.

The big boa squirmed and wriggled. Its tongue shot out and in like lightning and the snake hissed and spat. The assistants tightened their grip, and Manley entered the snake's cage, his hands covered with a pair of thick leather gloves. Manley had no way of knowing which tooth ached, and he intended to take no chances. So he took a long piece of steel and began tapping all the teeth in the snake's mouth.

It didn't take long to find the sensitive tooth. Manley placed a piece of burlap bag over the tooth and gave the bag a long pull. The tooth came out and another one with it.

After the snake was placed back in its glass cage Manley, well satisfied with his work, told about some other big operations he had performed.

"Some time ago a hippopotamus broke a tooth," he said, "and we decided to take out the piece that remained in the animal's mouth. We threw the big ropes about the hippo and dragged it to the bars of the cage. There we pried open the animal's mouth and went to work with a pair of our long forceps, like you see there on the wall."

"These forceps are strong enough to pull a railroad spike, but we had to take three grips on that tooth before we could remove it. The piece weighed three pounds. That big hippo was so all-fired mad when we had the tooth out, that he charged again and again against the cage bars with such force that several of them were loosened and bent."

"Come out some time and watch us tackle a giraffe with a ladder. It's like fighting a third-story fire."

"How do you handle an alligator?" he was asked.

"Excuse me," said Manley. "That's one animal I don't care to try."

Modern and Ancient Literature.

Modern literature, compared with ancient literature, is careless, slipshod, not wholly grown up; it has little sense of responsibility. The chief duty it sets before itself is to hold the mirror up to nature and reflect the unintelligible happenings of life, in all their confusion, their inconsistency, their insanity. Ancient literature was dominated by a very different purpose, it had a profound sentiment of high duty. The creation, so it seems to the ancients, had been left incomplete, and man, as the creature most divine, was charged with the labor of carrying on the uncompleted task. With bold hearts the Greeks set to work to piece out the incompleteness with literature, especially with poetry, to make up for the neglect of the gods by human achievement. I look on those ancient Greeks as I do workmen who fill in the marshy shallows of our river fronts, put earth upon the spongy ooze, sow grass, set out trees, plant flowers and create a garden where before was merely mud and slime.—Atlantic.

Made Him Cautious.

A lawyer tells the following story concerning a client, something of a wag in his way, with whom he had long kept an account. When the latter was finally made up the bill, mostly for trifling services, covered several yards of foolscap, as the items enumerated the most minute details.

When the client came round to settle he refused to enter the office, but stood in the door, and holding one end of the bill, unrolled the voluminous document in the direction of his legal adviser, with the request that he would receipt it.

"Come in," said the lawyer, in his most cordial tones.

"No, thank you," replied his client; "you'd charge me rent if I did."

What Dolly Lacked.

One day small Alice was playing with her dolly. Stopping suddenly, she looked at her lovingly and said: "Dolly, you is just awfully beautiful, but you ain't got a bit of sense."

CAT DIDN'T COME BACK

AT LEAST NOT TO DOMICILE WHERE IT BELONGED.

Its Disappearance Something of a Mystery to Mr. Jones, Though He is a Host of Beef to the Good.

It was found necessary to do away with the fatty cat because she had developed grime and the doctor said it was dangerous for the children. But this cat was the children's particular pet, so it was decided simply to have her disappear, with no funeral or flowers or juvenile tears or a tombstone in the back yard. Accordingly the animal was chloroformed and then Mr. Jones did the rounds up in a neat parcel of convenient tape and took them along when he started for his place of business in the city in the morning, intending to drop the package in the river.

In the trip before the river was reached Mr. Jones saw the package reposing in the back above his head and determined it was a good place to leave it. So when he started to get out of the car he did not take the package down.

"Hey, then Jones! You're leaving your package called out a friend. So Jones turned back and got the package."

On the boat he was surrounded by a number of friends and realized that to drop the bundle overboard in their presence would require a lot of explanation and doubtless result in more or less joking at his expense. So he took the package to his office with him. He saw the impossibility of disposing of it there and determined to get rid of it on the boat during the trip back home.

But there again he was surrounded by his friends of the morning trip and took the package to the train with him. An attempt to get off the car without it resulted just as it had in the morning. Mr. Jones thus found himself returning to his home with the bothersome bundle and he knew the children would meet him on the front porch and insist on knowing what it was. Accordingly he made his way home across the back lot, deposited the bundle on the kitchen porch and finally got to the front of the house without detection. Fifteen minutes after he had seated himself on the front porch with the solution of his great problem the cook appeared.

"Mrs. Jones," said she, "what's that extra roast in beef out on the back porch?"

Mr. and Mrs. Jones both went back. Sure enough the bundle contained a six-pound roast of beef.

It only remains to say this story is a true one. The thing happened as here written.

Mr. Jones is still wondering whether the man with whom he somewhere exchanged bundles had much difficulty in disposing of the remains of the dead cat.

Many Like Smith.

Robert C. McCready, a well known life guard of Long Branch, recounted some of his experiences as, brown and sturdy, he paced the wind-swept beach.

"No, no," he said, "the average person you rescue doesn't give you a check for a million or offer you a partnership in his firm. The average person you rescue is like Smith."

"A Philadelphia watchman saved Smith's life one winter night when he fell off the Race street wharf. The watchman plunged into the icy water after him and only got him out after ten minutes' terrible work amid the floating ice. But Smith took the thing as a matter of course. 'I'd done all right alone if I'd been able to swim,' he said."

"A month or so later the watchman asked Smith to help him move a packing case."

"No," said Smith. "I ain't no horse."

"I done more for you," said the watchman, "one night when you were drowning."

"Yes," said Smith, hotly, "and you're no gentleman to cast it up to me now."

How Cobb Got Fired.

Many years ago Frank Parker was the telegraph editor of the St. Louis Chronicle. One of his valued correspondents was Irvin S. Cobb, who then added to his income by putting a Paducah date line over his fiction. One day Cobb sent in a particularly good story. Parker printed it. That night the boss came in swinging his head like a semaphore.

"Look out," the boss said, skipping a syllable here and there. "Look out! What suborned perjurer had this sort of a pipe dream?"

Parker told him.

"Fire him," said the boss, passionately. "Don't wait for a letter. Fire him by wire. Do it now."

So Parker did it. By and by he received a reply from Mr. Cobb, in which the latter was somewhat plaintive.

"I'm not complaining about being fired," Cobb wrote. "But I've been working for your sheet for six months—and I think it's hard luck to be fired for the only true story I ever sent you."—Kansas City Star.

Yes.

John Barrett is quoted as telling students at the Bliss Electrical school that the future of the United States is assured. And after that the boys put on their rubber gloves and shook hands with the live wire over the glad tidings.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.



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ABSOLUTE PURITY

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Ginger Ale

Superior to the best imported Ginger
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that purpose will do the
washing and cleaning.
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Appliances you can dis-
pense with the Kitchen
stove in preparing many
meals.

Is Your house wired?
If not we'll tell you how
easily and cheaply the
work can be done.

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Williams Bros. Antioch Store
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Phones—Long Distance and Farmers Line

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement the
Elgin Butter Ma

ELGIN, ILL., July 21.—The committee declared butter at 26c.

Fishing tackle, at Hunt's. adv

Binding twine at Hunt's. adv

Dr. Heese guaranteed fly chaser at Webb's. adv

Mrs. Bristol of Chicago is visiting at her home here.

Mrs. Percy Hawkins and baby are visiting relatives in Indiana.

Joseph Panowski is building a new house on his lot on North Main street.

Miss Marguerite Webb of Chicago visited Antioch relatives over Sunday.

Walter Garasko of Chicago was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. James over Sunday.

Dr. C. Sabin is improving from day to day and his friends hope to see him out soon.

Rev. Stixrud left Monday morning for Louisville, Kentucky, on a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Jehonnett and daughter Marie left Wednesday for a two weeks visit with relatives at Hebron.

For Sale—Red top slough hay, on East Side of Pettie Lake. T. R. Crane 451 N. May street, Chicago. 46 w2 adv

Wanted—Position as housekeeper by a widow with experience. Best of references. No objections to a farm. Address F. B. Lake Villa, Ill. adv

Dr. Barber, Optician, will be in Antioch at the residence of H. J. Barber, on Thursday, August 7. All work guaranteed. School children examined free through August.

Priscilla Conrad entertained a number of her young friends at a birthday party at her home Tuesday evening. She was the recipient of many pretty gifts.

The ladies of Lake Marie have announced a card party preliminary to the bazaar, to be given at Gneadinger's cottage on Lake Marie (Merriwood grove) Wednesday afternoon, August 6, at 2:30 o'clock.

The Catholic ladies of Antioch will hold a meeting at the home of Mrs. Jos. Savage Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 5, at 2:30 o'clock for the purpose of discussing plans for the bazaar to be held the week beginning Aug. 13 and ending Aug. 23.

George Renehan last week placed 20,000 bass in Round Lake which he secured from the state hatchery. Why would not be a good plan for some of our lake proprietors to get busy and see what could be done in this direction for the lakes surrounding Antioch.

Agents Wanted—Highest cash weekly and part expenses. Outfit free. Home territory. Experience unnecessary. Our contract the fairest ever written. Under our plan you can make \$20 per week and up, ever and above expenses. Write Hawks Nursery company, Wauwatosa, Wis.

The home talent play given under the direction of Mr. Lowrie for the benefit of the M. E. church, at the opera house on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week was considered a success from every point of view. The first evening the house was packed to its fullest capacity and \$110 was taken in. That everyone was thoroughly pleased with the production was clearly evinced by the good crowd that attended the second evening. In all \$178 was realized and after all expenses were paid Mr. Lowrie and the committee divided the remainder on the basis of share and share alike.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

Next Sunday morning the Sunday school will have charge of the services beginning at 10:30 a. m., as usual. At the evening service the Epworth League will have charge. Don't fail to attend these services, while the pastor is on his vacation.

The pastor is visiting relatives in Kentucky and expects to be gone two weeks. He will also visit the famous Mammoth Cave while there.

The end of the conference year will soon be here and the pastor will leave for Freeport the last of September. The stewards are now trying to collect the subscriptions for the support of our church including the pastor's salary, janitor, heat, light etc. During this year the people of Antioch have been very generous in helping to pay our parsonage debt and the pipe organ. All subscriptions for those causes however were taken with the understanding that they were not to take place of the regular subscriptions to the church. So please do not tell our stewards that you gave to the pipe organ and therefore cannot give towards the pastor's salary, that will make him suffer which would hardly be a fair deal. Everybody will help, we can pay our salary and all other expenses entirely out of debt by conference time.

Hay, straw and oats at Hunt's. adv

Brain and midding at Hunt's. adv

Nobby things in boy's suits. Chase Webb. adv

Harold Williams of Chicago was out over Sunday.

Rolan Christofferson of Chicago visited relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. W. T. Taylor is spending this week with her daughter in Waukegan.

Miss Ruth Barlow of Chicago was the guest of Miss Elizabeth Webb on Tuesday.

Dr. Beebe will move his office from the Klein building to the Osmond building on east side of Main street.

Dr. Barber, Optician, will be in Antioch at H. J. Barber's every two weeks. His next date is August 7.

Wanted—Six or seven room house in good repair in the Village of Antioch. Inquire C. W. Hill, Goodrich Lumber Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wilton of Boswick, Neb., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wilton this week.

For Sale—A nine room house with barn and garden in the Village of Antioch. Inquire of Sam Strahan, Antioch. 45 w3 adv

House and lot for Sale—Lot 11 in Simons addition in Village of Antioch. Known as the Mary E. Williams property on Orchard st. 1w adv

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Stone and family of Beloit, Wis., called on old friends in Antioch Tuesday afternoon, having made the trip in their auto.

Wm. Kneen and family and Charles Kneen and friend all of Hyde Park visited their aunt, Mrs. J. R. Cribb the latter part of last week.

F. M. Johnson and family and Mr. and Mrs. Higbee of Marengo, Ill., spent Sunday with T. A. Somerville and family making the trip by auto.

The ladies of Channel lake met Wednesday afternoon at the cottage of Mrs. M. J. Corby at which time they laid plans for their booth at the bazaar.

For Sale—A small second-hand 3-spring wagon; will hold 5 milk cans, for \$10, also a 22-foot sail boat, cost \$200 for \$25. F. E. Groth, Loon Lake. 461adv

The friends of Warren Orn, who was hurt in an auto accident a week ago, will be pleased to learn that his condition is more favorable for a speedy recovery.

Lost—Big White Russian Deer Hound Sunday morning just south of Antioch city limits. Return for reward to Fred W. Dobe, Loon Lake, Ill. Phone Round Lake 19we. 1w adv

Thomas Coole returned on Tuesday from a three week's trip in Iowa. He brought back samples of three kinds of oats which are considered above the average. He reports the corn crop as the best in the history of Iowa.

For Rent—The cement block building at Loon Lake across the street from the milk platform, ground floor furnished for store and second floor six large newly decorated living rooms. Inquire L. Armstrong or John Palmer, Antioch. 2w adv

Last Saturday afternoon Miss Belle Hughes gave a miscellaneous shower in honor of Mrs. Nason Sibley, (nee Hazel Tiffany) at her home on Park avenue. About twenty-five guests were present and a most enjoyable time was had by all. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful gifts.

His Turn Coming.

"What are you going to do when you grow up, if you don't know how to read, write and cipher?" asked a school teacher of a lazy, stupid boy.

"I'm going to be a schoolmaster, and make the boys do all the reading, writing and ciphering," replied the boy.

Soured on Afternoon Tea.

"Then you don't like these afternoon teas?" "Too rough on the nerves. Here's the situation: I gotta hold a sandwich in my mouth, a plate of cake in one hand, a cup of tea in the other, and nothing to set anything on but a grand piano."

Quick Composition.

Bishop Heber, while on a visit to his father-in-law, Dean Stanley, wrote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," in fifteen minutes, making only one correction, the change of "savage" for "heathens" in the second verse.

Built That Way.

Rankin—"Every time I get up to try to make a speech I can feel my knees knocking together." Fyle—"Naturally. If your legs bent outward, as mine do, lead of bending inward, you wouldn't have any of that trouble."

Not Worried About That.

Clergyman (visiting prison)—"I hope that when you are released you will live so that you can look your fellowman straight in the eye." The Bunco Man—"That is the simplest part of my business."—Puck.

Cement at Hunt's. adv

Try Webb's cream. adv

Mrs. Chas. Smith ing relatives at Necedah, Wis.

Miss Francis Kacker is the guest of Miss E. Ba.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes of Waukegan on Monday 23, a son.

Mrs. Frank Savagdaughter are spending this week friends in Chicago.

The Antioch Juniors play the Lake Marie boys at Marie next Sunday.

Misses Elsie and Williams of Chicago visited their folks over Sunday.

Misses Maude Brand Florence McGreal of Kenosha over Sunday in Antioch.

For Sale—Five thrushes old Jersey boars. Can be bred. A. M. Stickle, Route 3, Ar. adv

A bill game between Keffeler and Antioch is planned to place on the Antioch grounds next day.

Up-to-date men's st Webb's. adv

Fancy cream cheese Webb's. adv

I wish to announce the ladies of Antioch that I am glad to do all kinds of hair work. A. Williams. adv

Lost—An Elk toothpick, set in gold. The finder will be rewarded by return to J. J. Morley, Antioch. adv

For Sale Cheap—got Mullens pressed steel motor boat as new. Call Antioch phone 5012. J. P. Johnson, Bluff Lake resort. 441f adv

For Sale—80 acres old near Russell station, short distance west of Desplains River. Reasonable. Address A. Redmond, East 50th street, Chicago, Ill. 45 w4 adv

Isaac Myers and A. McKenna of Chicago were married the News office Tuesday forenoon. C. James, Justice of the Peace, forming the ceremony in the presence of friends of the contracting parties.

For Sale—At Lake Villa room frame house with stone foundation, lot 100x166, fine well and dist. all kinds of fruit, only \$1600. Geo. Hall, 167 W. Washington street, Chicago. Phone Franklin 353. 42ml adv.

For Sale—1913 motor cycle and motor boats at bin prices, all makes, brand new makes, on easy monthly payment plan, our proposition before buying you will regret it. Also bargains in motor cycles. Write us today. Enclose stamp for reply. Address lock 11, Trenton, Mich. 4210w adv.

Notice

All delinquent pan still owing their Poll Tax for 1913 must be paid at once and save costs.

Signed J. A. Story, Clerk Dunn, J. Bates.

Commissioner of Highways of the Town of Antioch, Ill.

Fine Art of Living.

An Antioch girl spends much of her time visiting a made a study of the art and is a very successful guest. One of the things she does upon arriving is call her hostess and family into room and exhibit every rag, towel, she empties boxes, trays and trunks to the bottom layer. She says it saves her hostess the trouble of snooping among her things which is out—Antioch Globe.

Couldn't Go With Him.

A well-known lawyer Boston had a horse that always speed and refused to cross the mud dam bridge leading out of the city. No whippings, no urging, would induce him to cross without stopping. So a advertised him: "To be sold for other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

Health Tip.

Locomotor ataxia is a chronic, progressive disease of the nervous system. It affects the spinal cord particularly. On this account it interferes with muscular co-ordination. It causes the gait of the patient to be irregular and uncertain.

Sad Lesson.

A—"You don't seem to have any life in you. Is there nothing or nobody over which you can enthuse?" B—"Nothing at all. I once became enthusiastic over somebody, and a short time afterwards she became my wife. That was a sad warning to be to avoid enthusiasm."

Merit and Modesty.

Men are too much occupied with themselves to have leisure to know others thoroughly, or to discern their real character; hence it happens that with a great merit and a greater modesty, one may be a long time lost sight of.—La Bruyere.

Broken Screw.

To remove a screw with one side of the head broken off, place the screwdriver against one side of the head and with a small block press firmly against the screwdriver, at the same time turning the screwdriver and the block. The screw will come out almost as easily as if the head was intact.

Small Boy Killed by Fowl.

A fowl killed a two-year-old child at St. Irieux, France, a few days ago. The little fellow was playing outside his parents' house when a large Cochon Chien cock attempted to take a piece of bread from his hand. The child and the cock struggled for the bread, and the cock attacked the child and hurt him so badly that he died shortly after.

Bucrose in Many Fleahy Roots.

Sucrose is found in the fleshy roots, such as the beet, carrot, turnip and sweet potato, but thus far it is only from the beet that it has been obtained in quantities commercially profitable. The beet root today yields by far the greater part of the world's sugar supply.

Unchanged.

"That's just like Jim," said the widow, wearily, after a snapping curtain had knocked over the urn in which that was mortal of her cremated husband had been placed and spread its contents on the floor. "Always dropping his ashes everywhere!"—Harper's Weekly.

What Mother Did.

Percy Noodles says speaking of automobiles, that when he asked the capitalist's daughter the other night how her father got his start, she replied that her impression was that her mother found him in neutral and cranked him up.

Truth and Judgment Day.

In Truth there is no especial day of judgment. Every day now is a judgment day. Judgment is being administered for every thought, word and action. The day of judgment is the time in which we experience the results of our own creations. Oftentimes we are not conscious of the judgment day, but even so, we are constantly arriving at the judgment day.—Arthur D. Dall, in Unity.

Noble Mr. Winks!

"I was a fool ever to marry you," sobbed Mrs. Winks. "Now, my dear," said Mr. Winks, nobly, "I cannot permit you to take the blame for that. It was I who was the fool for ever asking you. The mistake was not yours, but mine."—Harper's Weekly.

When Beauties Suffer.

A London writer says that the beautiful American woman is very beautiful, but she lacks feeling because she has not suffered enough. Still a lot of them overcome that drawback when they wed English titles.—Philadelphia Esquire.

Just a Suggestion.

Local man has been granted a divorce because his wife complained he didn't make her heart throb. Better have this throb business inserted in the wedding ceremony instead of the obey injunction.—New York Evening Telegram.

Main Duties of Life.

To do with as few things as we can, and, as far as we can, to see to it that these things are the work of freemen and not of slaves; these two seem to me to be the main duties to be fulfilled by those who wish to live a life at once free and refined, serviceable to others, and pleasant to themselves.—William Morris.

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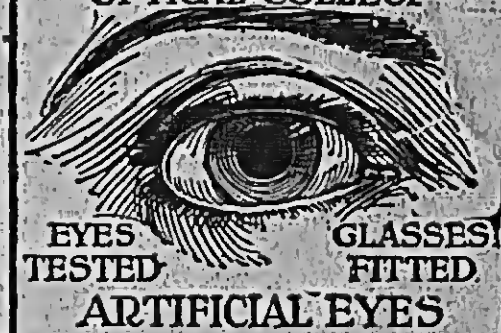
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